Treat You Right

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/57126361.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	ROAR (TV 2022), Bleeder (1999)
Relationship:	Bobby Bronson/Lenny (Bleeder)
Characters:	Bobby Bronson, Lenny (Bleeder)
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Extended Universe, cop Bobby, Bobby proving ACAB, Bobby is an asshole, Abuse of Authority, Dubious Consent, Hook-Up, Intimidation, Coercion, Blow Jobs, Praise Kink, Lenny is a good boy, Face-Fucking, dub-con initially but Lenny has a great time!, do not copy to another site, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 157 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 12 of My Hannibal Bingo Fills
Collections:	Hannibal Bingo
Stats:	Published: 2024-07-04 Words: 1,181 Chapters: 1/1

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Bobby can't resist fucking with Lenny when he sees him at the bar (literally).

Notes

Latest installment on my @hannibalbingo card: Lenny

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife

Bobby would say he wasn't one to use his position to his advantage, but it would be a lie.

As far as Bobby was concerned, ACAB might as well be specifically aimed at him and he didn't give one fuck. He wasn't delusional, he wasn't trying to convince himself that he joined the police for anything other than what it could give him. What he could get out of it and what angle he could work from it.

And right now, he saw an absolutely perfect way to misuse the power and faith entrusted to him as an officer of the law.

Young Lenny was sitting at the bar all alone.

He'd met Lenny a week earlier when he interviewed the kid in relation to the death of that Leo clown - what a fucking mess that was. They were known associates and for a while Bobby had to wonder if Lenny had been involved with all the fucked up bullshit that went down with that guy. But it had only taken one interview to exclude Lenny from their investigation.

Bobby wouldn't call the kid simple, but there was something naive about him. An innocence that made Bobby fucking hard. He'd had to adjust himself a couple of times in the interview.

He loved this kind of guy. Sweet and innocent and ready to be corrupted. He loved nothing fucking more than hearing guys like this beg to be fucked, beg for his come. Especially the ones that seemed so innocent sexually too. He'd be shocked if Lenny wasn't a virgin and that held a whole other appeal on top.

Seeing him sitting at the bar in the one fucking gay club in the shitty city Bobby had currently been loaned to via Interpol, made his fucking day.

Bobby knocked back his drink and set the glass down on a table before making his way back up to the bar. He slicked back his hair and hitched his shirt over the badge resting on his hip to ensure it was visible. Technically he was off-duty, but what's the point of having a badge if you can't use it?

"Lenny," Bobby said, his voice a growl as he placed a hand on the young man's shoulder.

Lenny turned immediately on his stool, his eyes wide with shock and fear.

"Officer Bronson… Um, am I in trouble?" He looked furtively around. At first Bobby thought he was looking for more cops, but a thought niggled at him that perhaps Lenny was alone because his friends didn't know he liked cock. Maybe he wanted to keep it that way.

"I don't know kid, have you been doing something wrong?" Bobby asked, taunting. He wasn't surprised when Lenny looked thoughtful, innocently trying to recall whether he had done anything to warrant a call from the police.

He hesitantly shook his head.

"Hmm, well I'm not so sure about that," Bobby replied, making a show of moving his hand to his hip, resting it next to his badge. The movement drew Lenny's eye to his badge, but Bobby didn't miss the way it moved for a few moments to his package. Bobby knew these jeans showed off exactly how well endowed he was - and now so did Lenny.

He enjoyed the way Lenny gulped when he looked back up at the kid. This was going to just be too easy.

"Tell you what, kid. I can help you stay out of trouble. I don't think you were involved in all that shit with Leo. I can make sure the department doesn't come back to you on that, make sure no one knows you were even here."

"Yeah?" Lenny wore a hopeful frown. He looked terrified, though was trying to hide it. It was fucking delicious.

"Yeah," Bobby nodded and put his hand on Lenny's thigh, "You treat me right, I'll treat you right."

Lenny gulped again.

*

"Yeah, that's it. Fuck! You're good at this," Bobby was genuinely surprised.

He had Lenny on his knees in front of him in the back alley behind the bar. His cock was almost the whole way down Lenny's throat and the kid was going for it.

Sure, Bobby could say Lenny was somewhat coerced, that there were false pretences. But you'd never know it from how enthusiastically the kid was now sucking him down.

"Such a good boy, aren't you?" The words drew a whimper from Lenny and damn, that felt good. "You like that? Like being my good boy."

He whimpered again, wetly mumbling as he nodded.

"Fuck! Good fucking boy," Bobby encouraged again, this time taking the kid's head in his hands, gripping his short hair as he started to fuck Lenny's face.

The lewd sound of Lenny choking on his cock echoed around the alley, bouncing off the brick walls until it sounded like a fucking chorus. And just when he thought it could get any better, Lenny swallowed around him, taking his cock even deeper until he was buried to the root.

"Fuck, damn!" Bobby cursed, even his wife had never been able to take all of him. "Fucking take it, good boy."

Lenny kept swallowing, whining, tears streaming down his face, his nose running, saliva seeping from between his lips. He was a fucking mess, and yet he seemed to be loving it. He just kept swallowing and moaning and then--

"FUCK!" Bobby watched as Lenny's eyes rolled back in his head and his whole fucking body shuddered. He'd just come in his pants just from having his face fucked! It was enough to send Bobby over the edge. He groaned as he spilled his load down Lenny's throat.

Through his tears and flaring nostrils as he tried to breathe, Lenny continued to swallow and swallow until he drank down everything Bobby had in his balls.

"Nghh," Bobby continued to groan, "Take it, take it. Fuck."

His balls were still throbbing when his cock finally started to soften and he pulled back.

As his cock left Lenny's mouth, the kid doubled over, coughing and spluttering as come-laced saliva splattered to the ground. He was taking breaths in great heaves, and Bobby wasn't sure when he'd last seen anything so fucking beautiful.

"Damn, kid. You really are good at that."

Lenny looked up at him, smiling with watery eyes and basking in the praise. Damn. He wondered what the kid would be like if he fucked his ass as hard as he'd just fucked his throat.

"Good fucking boy," Bobby praised, cupping Lenny's face in one hand. Lenny leaned into it, looking up at him as if he hung the fucking moon.

No one had ever looked at Bobby like that before, with such open adoration. It was as unsettling as it was ego-stroking. It was something he could get too fucking used to.

"Wanna come home with me?" Bobby asked.

Lenny let out a shuddering breath and nodded eagerly, his wide smile splitting his face, even as he continued to stream tears.

“Told you I’d treat you right,” Bobby crooned, already starting to get hard again.

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